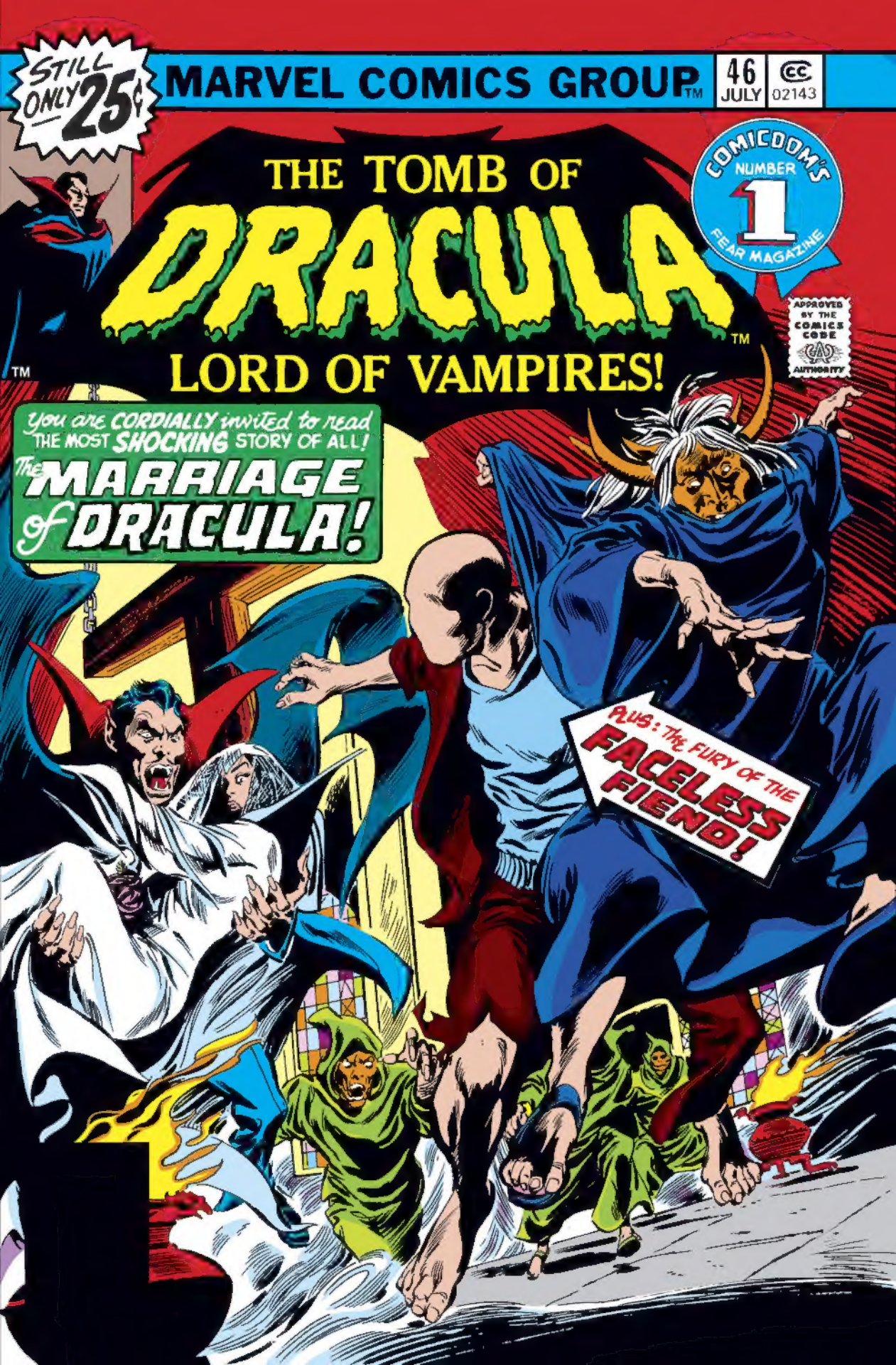
STILL ONLY 25¢
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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THE TOMB OF
DRACULA™
LORD OF VAMPIRES!
COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
You are CORDIALLY invited to read THE MOST SHOCKING STORY OF ALL!
The MARRIAGE of DRACULA!
PLUS: The FURY of the FACELESS FIEND!

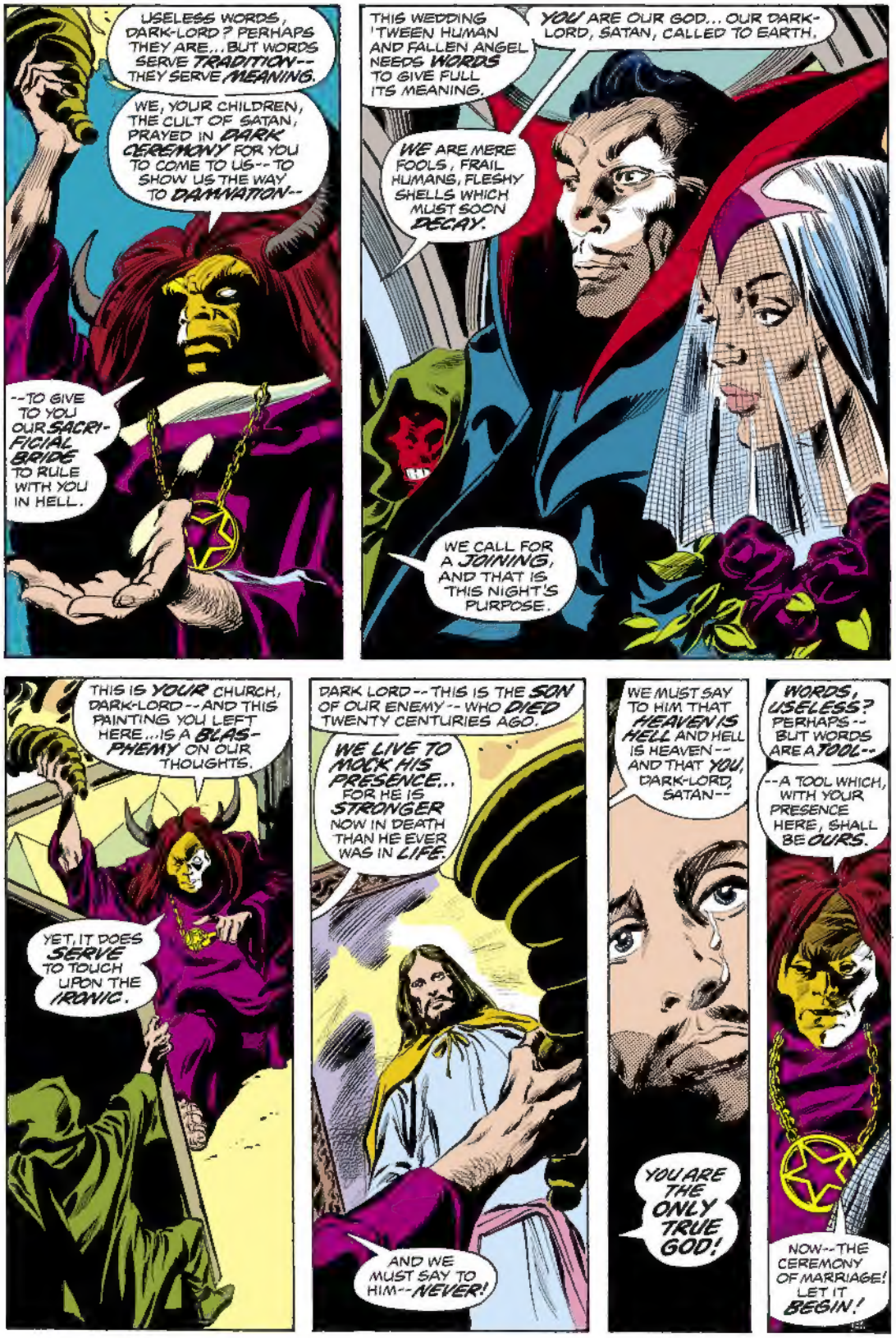
Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

JV 313

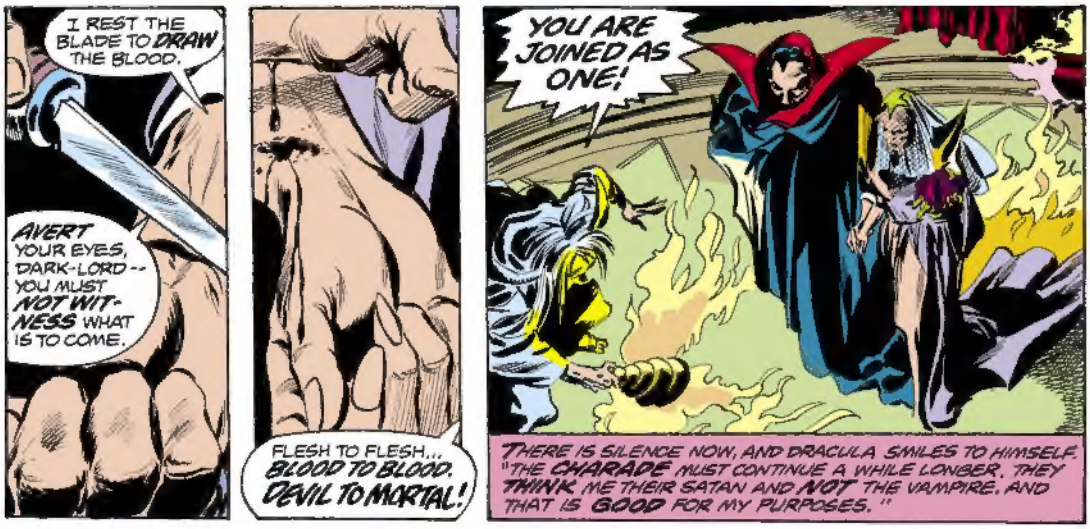
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!** TM

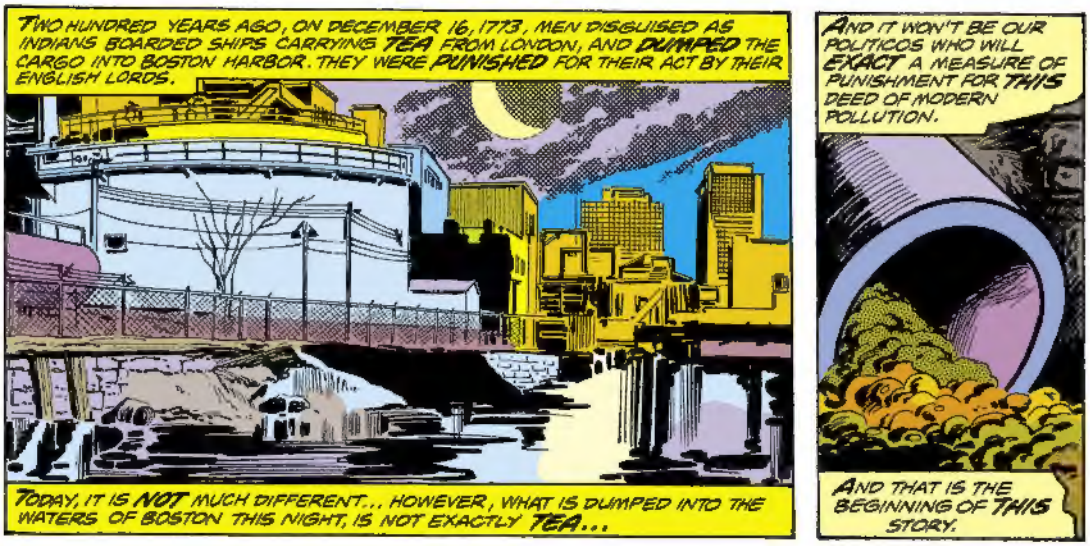
MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / EDITOR | GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / ARTISTS | J. COSTANZA / LETTERER | T. PALMER / COLORIST

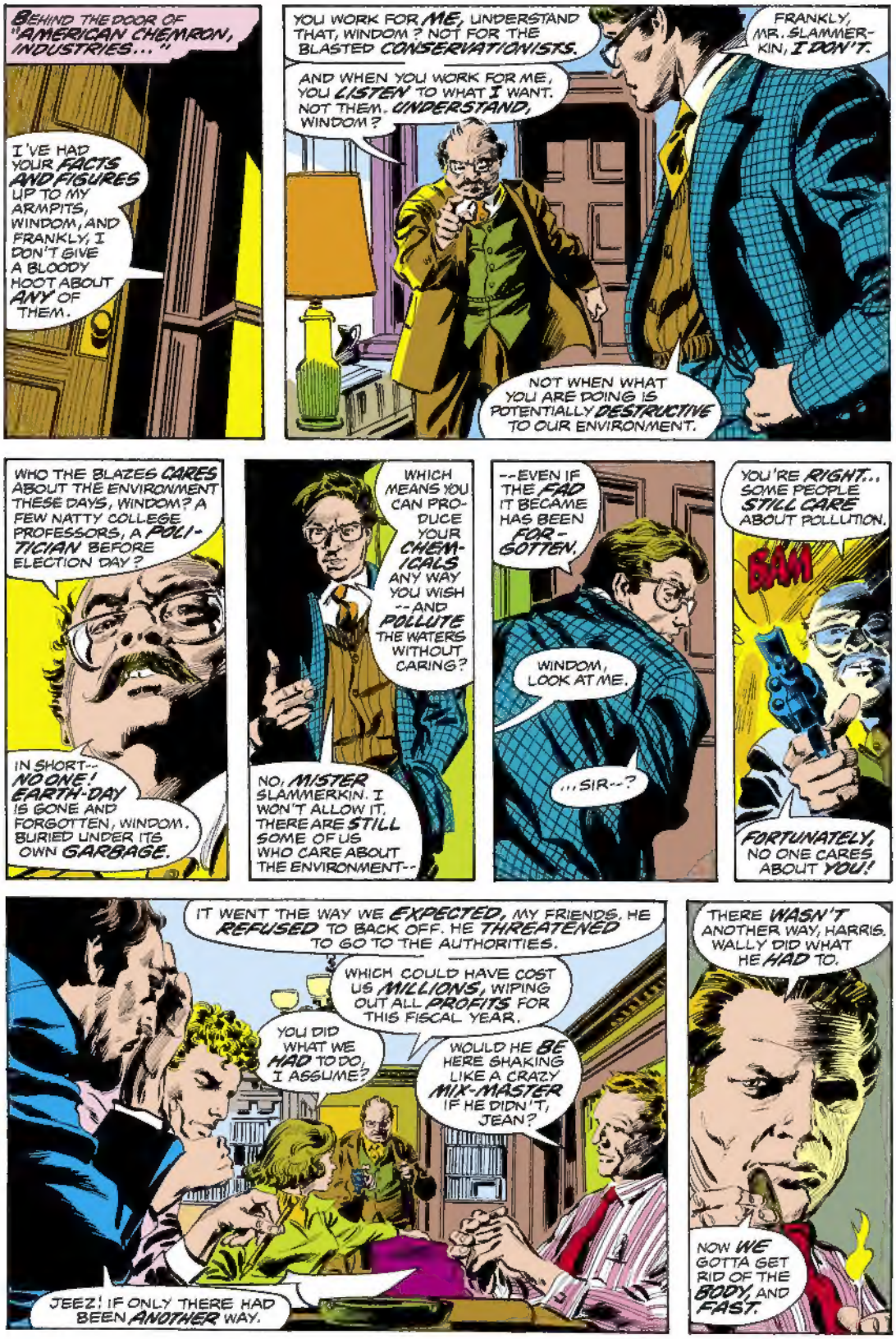
LET US BE WED IN UNHOLY MATRIMONY
WE COME TOGETHER FOR THE PURPOSE OF MARRIAGE... MARRIAGE BETWEEN OUR DARK-LORD AND GIVEN WOMAN.
MARRIAGE BETWEEN SATAN AND MORTAL... WEDDING BETWEEN DEATH AND LIFE...
--TO JOIN OUR CULT OF DARKNESS, WITH THE HAND OF OUR MASTER.
COMMENCE THE CEREMONY, ANTON LUPESKI.
YOUR MASTER GROWS IMPATIENT WITH NEEDLESS WORDS!
EYES DARK AND FERAL, PIERCING MIDNIGHT FLAMES.
LIPS TASTING BITTER FRANKINCENSE.
NOSE SMELLING THE FEARFUL STENCH OF ROTTING FLESH.
EARS LISTENING TO MINDLESS CLUTTER, MEANINGLESS VERBIAGE.
EYE FOR EYE, TOOTH FOR TOOTH.
A NIGHT FOR PAIN.

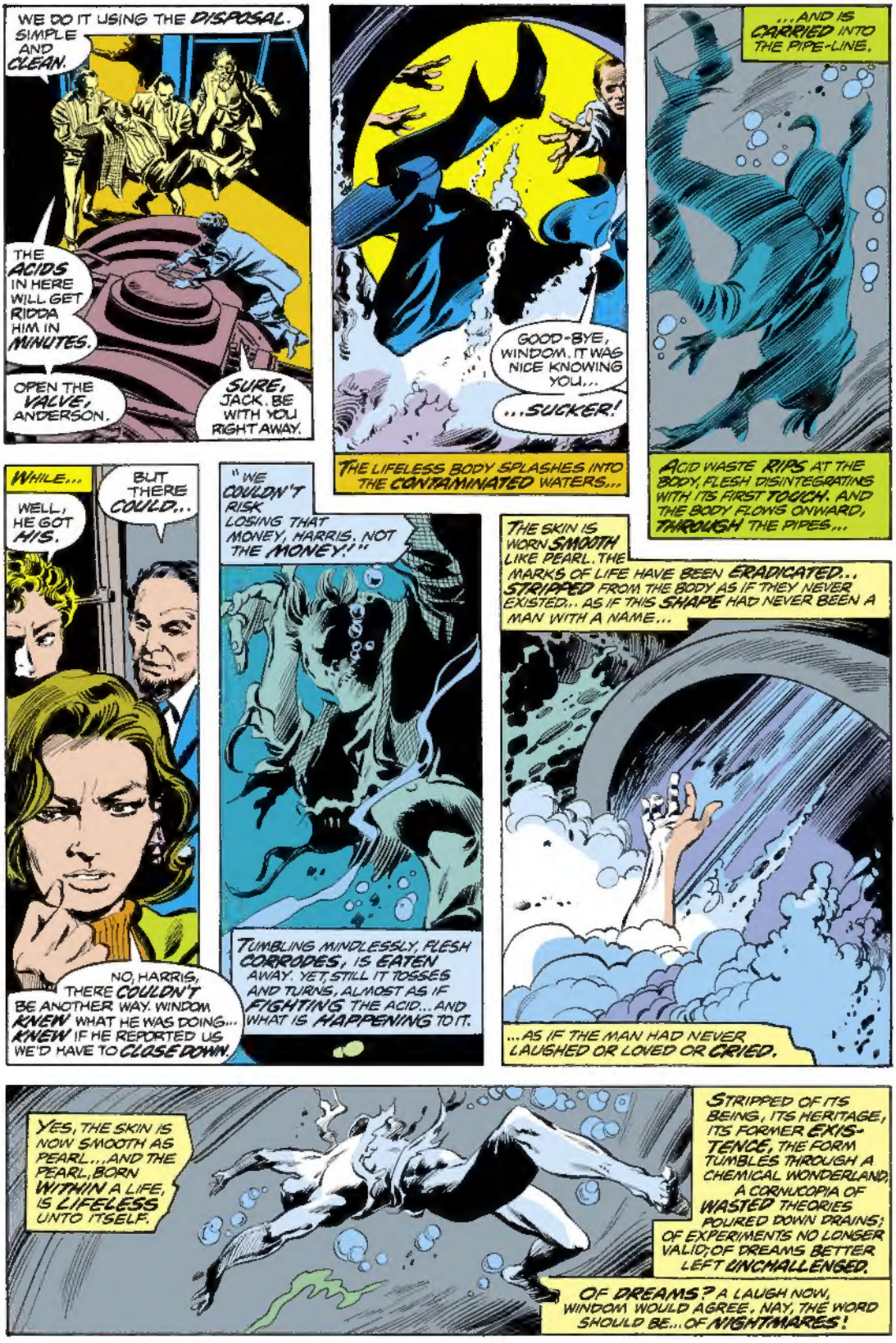

USELESS WORDS, DARK-LORD? PERHAPS THEY ARE... BUT WORDS SERVE TRADITION-- THEY SERVE MEANING.
WE, YOUR CHILDREN, THE CULT OF SATAN, PRAYED IN DARK CEREMONY FOR YOU TO COME TO US-- TO SHOW US THE WAY TO DAMNATION--
--TO GIVE TO YOU OUR SACRIFICIAL BRIDE TO RULE WITH YOU IN HELL.
THIS WEDDING 'TWEEN HUMAN AND FALLEN ANGEL NEEDS WORDS TO GIVE FULL ITS MEANING.
YOU ARE OUR GOD... OUR DARK-LORD, SATAN, CALLED TO EARTH.
WE ARE MERE FOOLS, FRAIL HUMANS, FLESHY SHELLS WHICH MUST SOON DECAY.
WE CALL FOR A JOINING, AND THAT IS THIS NIGHT'S PURPOSE.
THIS IS YOUR CHURCH, DARK-LORD -- AND THIS PAINTING YOU LEFT HERE ...IS A BLASPHEMY ON OUR THOUGHTS.
YET, IT DOES SERVE TO TOUCH UPON THE IRONIC.
DARK LORD -- THIS IS THE SON OF OUR ENEMY -- WHO DIED TWENTY CENTURIES AGO.
WE LIVE TO MOCK HIS PRESENCE... FOR HE IS STRONGER NOW IN DEATH THAN HE EVER WAS IN LIFE.
AND WE MUST SAY TO HIM--NEVER!
WE MUST SAY TO HIM THAT HEAVEN IS HELL AND HELL IS HEAVEN -- AND THAT YOU, DARK-LORD, SATAN--
YOU ARE THE ONLY TRUE GOD!
WORDS, USELESS? PERHAPS -- BUT WORDS ARE A TOOL--
--A TOOL WHICH, WITH YOUR PRESENCE HERE, SHALL BE OURS.
NOW--THE CEREMONY OF MARRIAGE! LET IT BEGIN!

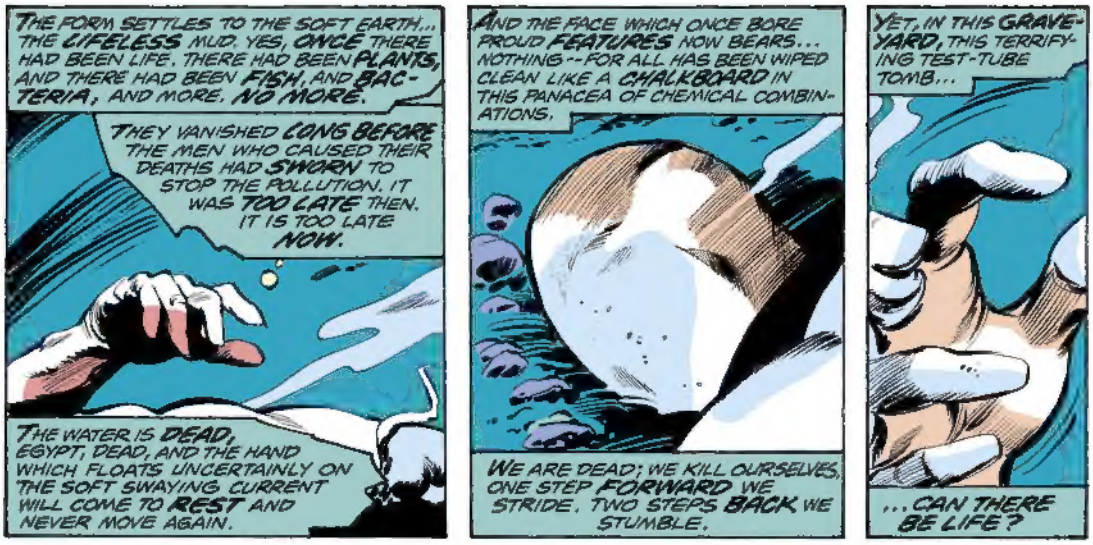
YOU ARE DOMINI--DOES YOUR BLOOD FLOW FREELY WITH OUR DARK-LORD'S.
IT DOES, MASTER.
YOU ARE OUR DARK-LORD, DOES YOUR BLOOD FLOW FREELY WITH DOMINI'S?
IT DOES, LUPESKI.
EXTEND YOUR WRISTS THAT THE BLOOD MAY FLOW... THAT MORTAL AND DEMON BE ONE.
I REST THE BLADE TO DRAW THE BLOOD.
AVERT YOUR EYES, DOMINI--YOU MUST NOT WITNESS WHAT IS TO COME.

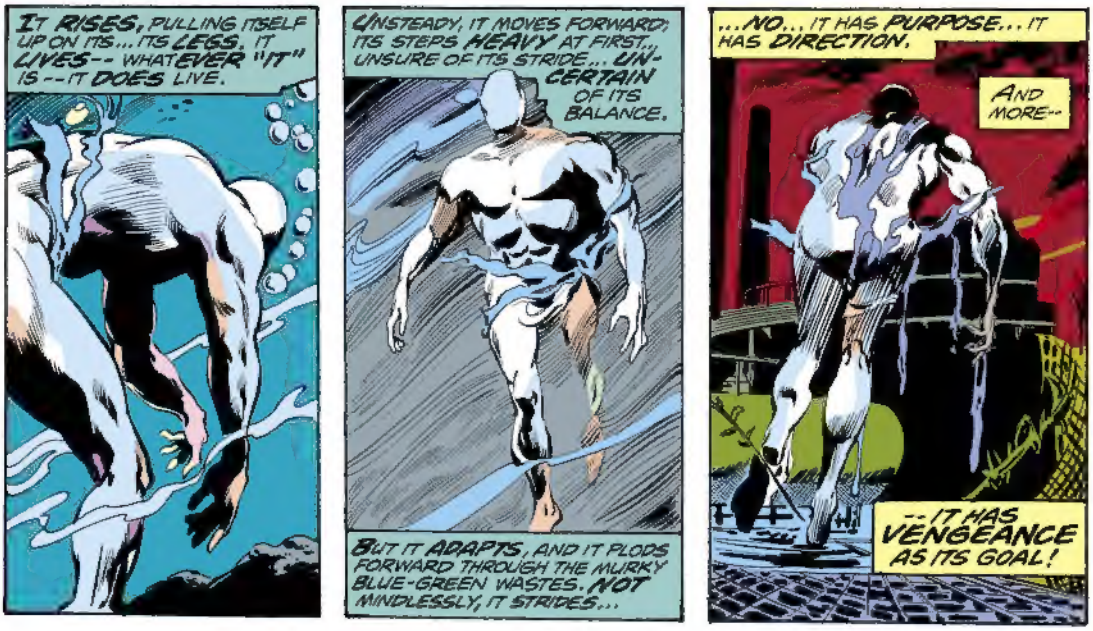

I REST THE BLADE TO DRAW THE BLOOD.
AVERT YOUR EYES, DARK-LORD--YOU MUST NOT WITNESS WHAT IS TO COME.
FLESH TO FLESH... BLOOD TO BLOOD. DEVIL TO MORTAL!
YOU ARE JOINED AS ONE!
THERE IS SILENCE NOW, AND DRACULA SMILES TO HIMSELF. "THE CHARADE MUST CONTINUE A WHILE LONGER, THEY THINK ME THEIR SATAN AND NOT THE VAMPIRE, AND THAT IS GOOD FOR MY PURPOSES."

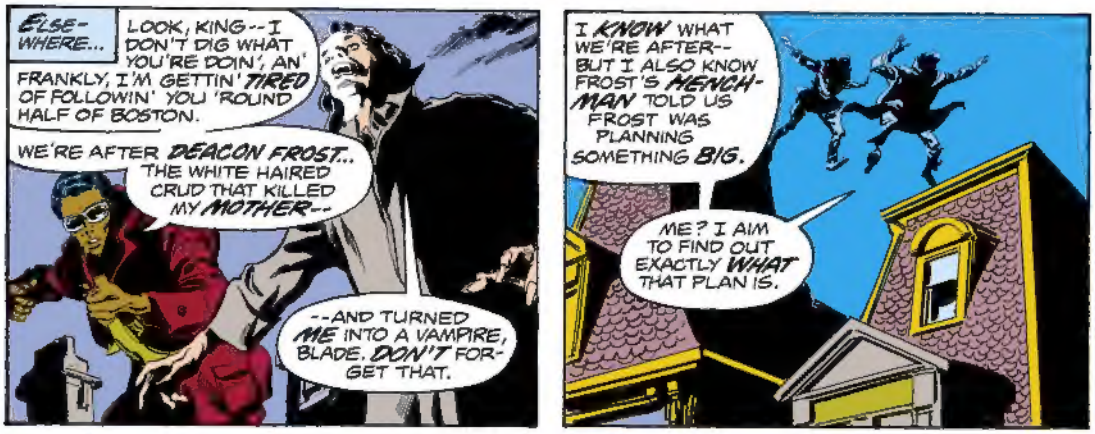

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON DECEMBER 16, 1773, MEN DISGUISED AS INDIANS BOARDED SHIPS CARRYING TEA FROM LONDON, AND DUMPED THE CARGO INTO BOSTON HARBOR. THEY WERE PUNISHED FOR THEIR ACT BY THEIR ENGLISH LORDS.
TODAY, IT IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT... HOWEVER, WHAT IS DUMPED INTO THE WATERS OF BOSTON THIS NIGHT, IS NOT EXACTLY TEA...
AND IT WON'T BE OUR POLITICOS WHO WILL EXACT A MEASURE OF PUNISHMENT FOR THIS DEED OF MODERN POLLUTION.
AND THAT IS THE BEGINNING OF THIS STORY.


BEHIND THE DOOR OF "AMERICAN CHEMRON, INDUSTRIES..."
I'VE HAD YOUR FACTS AND FIGURES UP TO MY ARMPITS, WINDOM, AND FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A BLOODY HOOT ABOUT ANY OF THEM.
YOU WORK FOR ME, UNDERSTAND THAT, WINDOM? NOT FOR THE BLASTED CONSERVATIONISTS.
AND WHEN YOU WORK FOR ME, YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I WANT. NOT THEM. UNDERSTAND, WINDOM?
FRANKLY, MR. SLAMMERKIN, I DON'T.
NOT WHEN WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS POTENTIALLY DESTRUCTIVE TO OUR ENVIRONMENT.
WHO THE BLAZES CARES ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT THESE DAYS, WINDOM? A FEW NATTY COLLEGE PROFESSORS, A POLITICIAN BEFORE ELECTION DAY?
IN SHORT-- NO ONE! EARTH-DAY IS GONE AND FORGOTTEN, WINDOM. BURIED UNDER ITS OWN GARBAGE.
WHICH MEANS YOU CAN PRODUCE YOUR CHEMICALS ANY WAY YOU WISH --AND POLLUTE THE WATERS WITHOUT CARING?
NO, MISTER SLAMMERKIN. I WON'T ALLOW IT. THERE ARE STILL SOME OF US WHO CARE ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT--
--EVEN IF THE FAD IT BECAME HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.
WINDOM, LOOK AT ME.
...SIR--?
YOU'RE RIGHT... SOME PEOPLE STILL CARE ABOUT POLLUTION.
BAM
FORTUNATELY, NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOU!
IT WENT THE WAY WE EXPECTED, MY FRIENDS. HE REFUSED TO BACK OFF. HE THREATENED TO GO TO THE AUTHORITIES.
WHICH COULD HAVE COST US MILLIONS, WIPING OUT ALL PROFITS FOR THIS FISCAL YEAR.
YOU DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO, I ASSUME?
WOULD HE BE HERE SHAKING LIKE A CRAZY MIX-MASTER IF HE DIDN'T, JEAN?
JEEZ! IF ONLY THERE HAD BEEN ANOTHER WAY.
THERE WASN'T ANOTHER WAY, HARRIS. WALLY DID WHAT HE HAD TO.
NOW WE GOTTA GET RID OF THE BODY, AND FAST.

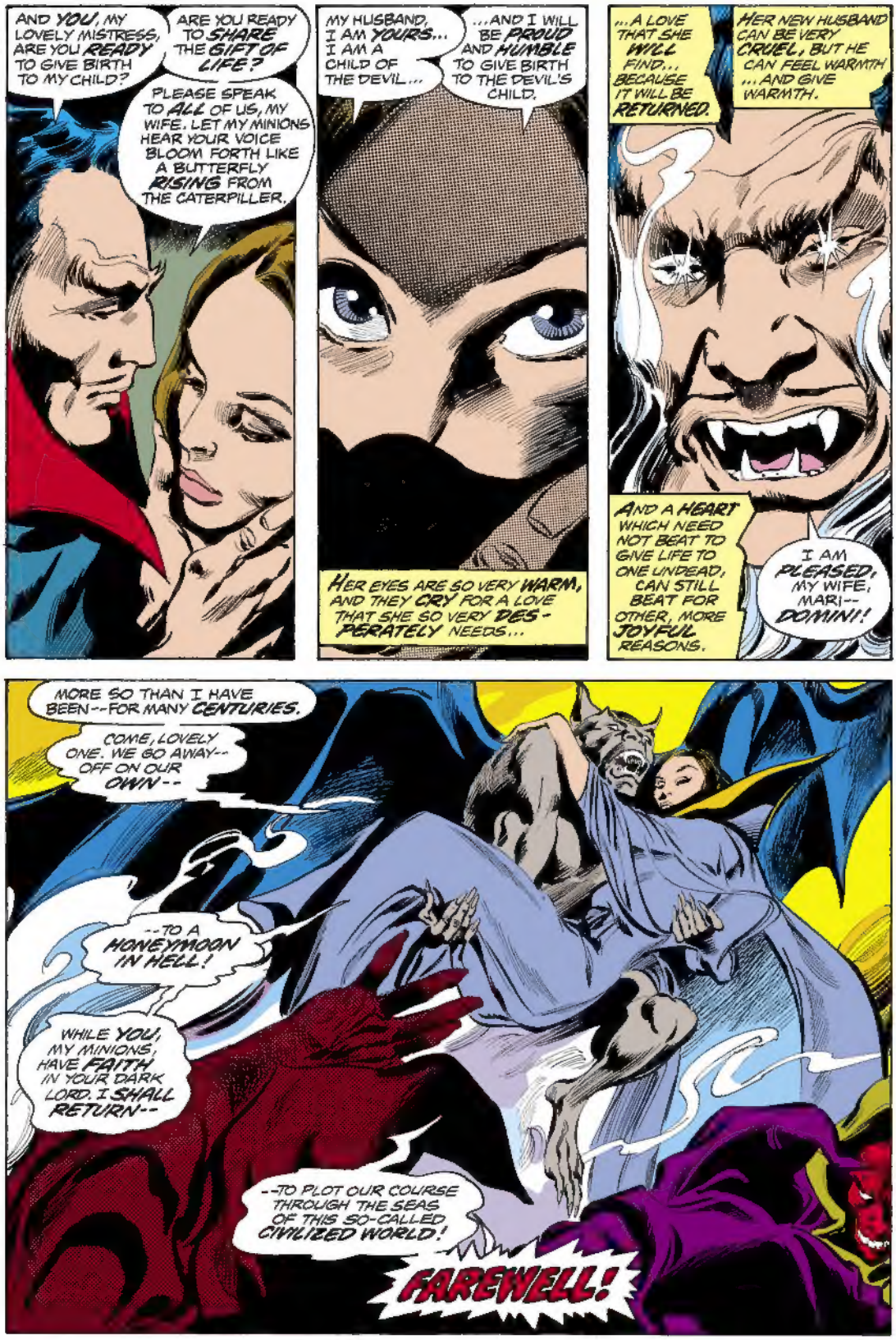

WE DO IT USING THE DISPOSAL. SIMPLE AND CLEAN.
THE ACIDS IN HERE WILL GET RIDDA HIM IN MINUTES.
OPEN THE VALVE, ANDERSON.
SURE, JACK. BE WITH YOU RIGHT AWAY.
GOOD-BYE, WINDOM. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU...
...SUCKER!
THE LIFELESS BODY SPLASHES INTO THE CONTAMINATED WATERS...
...AND IS CARRIED INTO THE PIPE-LINE.
ACID WASTE RIPS AT THE BODY, FLESH DISINTEGRATING WITH ITS FIRST TOUCH. AND THE BODY FLOWS ONWARD, THROUGH THE PIPES...
WHILE...
WELL, HE GOT HIS.
BUT THERE COULD...
NO, HARRIS, THERE COULDN'T BE ANOTHER WAY. WINDOM KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING... KNEW IF HE REPORTED US WE'D HAVE TO CLOSE DOWN.
"WE COULDN'T RISK LOSING THAT MONEY, HARRIS. NOT THE MONEY!"
TUMBLING MINDLESSLY, FLESH CORRODES, IS EATEN AWAY. YET, STILL IT TOSSES AND TURNS, ALMOST AS IF FIGHTING THE ACID... AND WHAT IS HAPPENING TO IT.
THE SKIN IS WORN SMOOTH LIKE PEARL. THE MARKS OF LIFE HAVE BEEN ERADICATED.. STRIPPED FROM THE BODY AS IF THEY NEVER EXISTED.. AS IF THIS SHAPE HAD NEVER BEEN A MAN WITH A NAME...
...AS IF THE MAN HAD NEVER LAUGHED OR LOVED OR CRIED.
YES, THE SKIN IS NOW SMOOTH AS PEARL...AND THE PEARL, BORN WITHIN A LIFE, IS LIFELESS UNTO ITSELF.
STRIPPED OF ITS BEING, ITS HERITAGE, ITS FORMER EXISTENCE, THE FORM TUMBLES THROUGH A CHEMICAL WONDERLAND; A CORNUCOPIA OF WASTED THEORIES POURED DOWN DRAINS; OF EXPERIMENTS NO LONGER VALID; OF DREAMS BETTER LEFT UNCHALLENGED.
OF DREAMS? A LAUGH NOW, WINDOM WOULD AGREE. NAY, THE WORD SHOULD BE... OF NIGHTMARES!

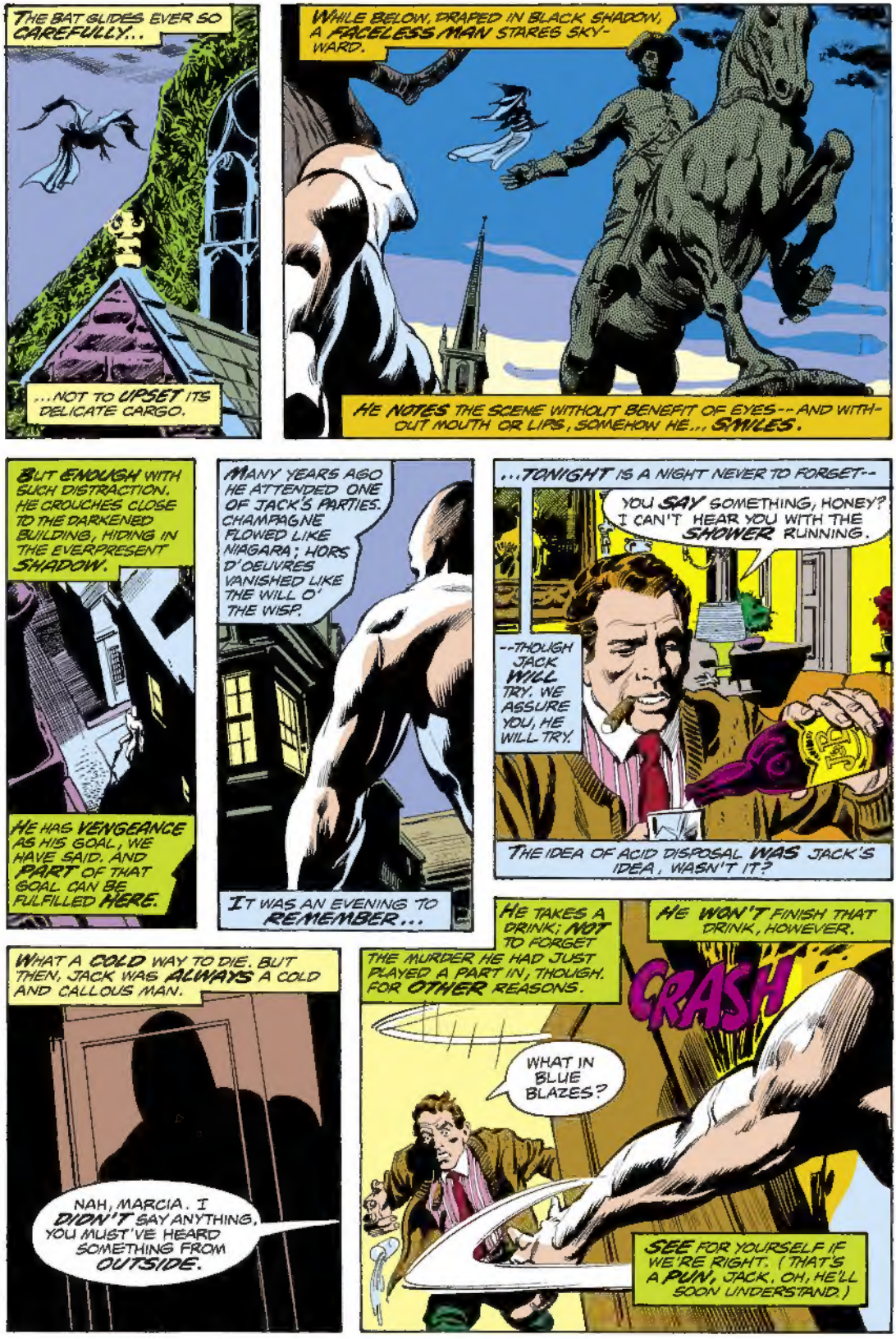

THE FORM SETTLES TO THE SOFT EARTH... THE LIFELESS MUD. YES, ONCE THERE HAD BEEN LIFE. THERE HAD BEEN PLANTS, AND THERE HAD BEEN FISH, AND BACTERIA, AND MORE. NO MORE.
THEY VANISHED LONG BEFORE THE MEN WHO CAUSED THEIR DEATHS HAD SWORN TO STOP THE POLLUTION. IT WAS TOO LATE THEN. IT IS TOO LATE NOW.
THE WATER IS DEAD, EGYPT, DEAD, AND THE HAND WHICH FLOATS UNCERTAINLY ON THE SOFT SWAYING CURRENT WILL COME TO REST AND NEVER MOVE AGAIN.
AND THE FACE WHICH ONCE BORE PROUD FEATURES NOW BEARS... NOTHING--FOR ALL HAS BEEN WIPED CLEAN LIKE A CHALKBOARD IN THIS PANACEA OF CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS.
WE ARE DEAD; WE KILL OURSELVES ONE STEP FORWARD WE STRIDE. TWO STEPS BACK WE STUMBLE.
YET, IN THIS GRAVEYARD, THIS TERRIFYING TEST-TUBE TOMB...
...CAN THERE BE LIFE?


IT RISES, PULLING ITSELF UP ON ITS... ITS LEGS. IT LIVES-- WHATEVER "IT" IS--IT DOES LIVE.
UNSTEADY, IT MOVES FORWARD; ITS STEPS HEAVY AT FIRST... UNSURE OF ITS STRIDE... UNCERTAIN OF ITS BALANCE.
BUT IT ADAPTS, AND IT PLODS FORWARD THROUGH THE MURKY BLUE-GREEN WASTES. NOT MINDLESSLY, IT STRIDES...
...NO... IT HAS PURPOSE... IT HAS DIRECTION.
AND MORE--
--IT HAS VENGEANCE AS ITS GOAL!


ELSEWHERE...
LOOK, KING--I DON'T DIG WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', AN' FRANKLY, I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF FOLLOWIN' YOU 'ROUND HALF OF BOSTON.
WE'RE AFTER DEACON FROST... THE WHITE HAIRED CRUD THAT KILLED MY MOTHER--
--AND TURNED ME INTO A VAMPIRE, BLADE. DON'T FORGET THAT.
I KNOW WHAT WE'RE AFTER-- BUT I ALSO KNOW FROST'S HENCHMAN TOLD US FROST WAS PLANNING SOMETHING BIG.
ME? I AIM TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT THAT PLAN IS.

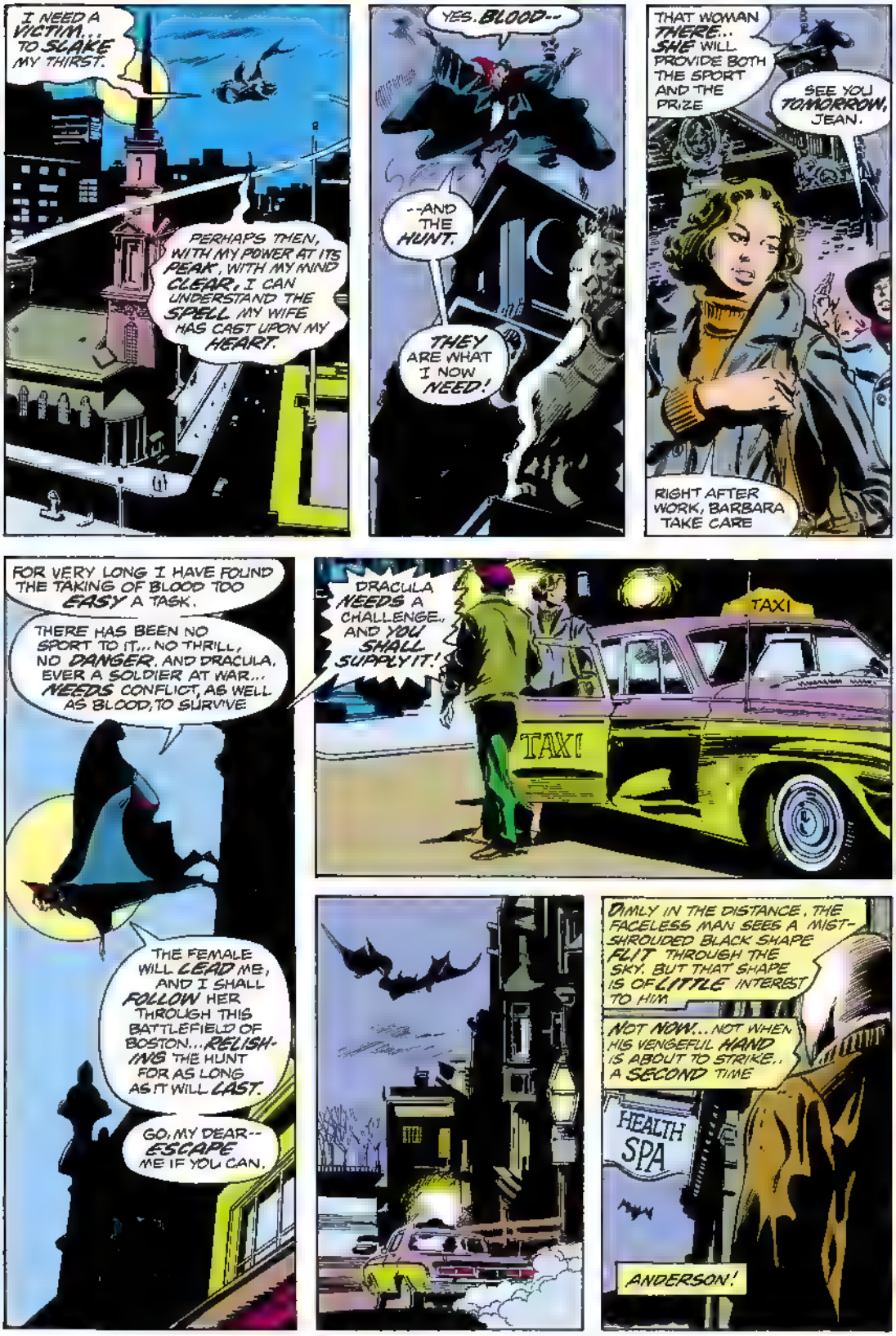
FROST'S CRUD ALREADY TOLD US THAT, TOO, KING. HE'S GOT A COFFIN.. COMPLETE WITH MY TWIN DOUBLE RESTIN' INSIDE. SO WHAT?
"EITHER HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, OR HE'S TESTING ME, SO I SPEAK SLOWLY... CLEARLY.
WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS CAPER'S ABOUT, BLADE--OR ARE YOU REALLY AS THICK AS YOU PRETEND TO BE?
FROST'S DANGEROUS, AND I DON'T NEED A THICK-SKULLED FOOL TAGGING ALONG WITH ME JUST FOR THE COMPANY.
YOU STINKIN' VAMP. I OUGHT TO--
QUIET, BLADE. WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR GOAL. I KNOW A STOOLIE HERE-- IN THIS BUILDING.
WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO PULL, KING? YOU JUST GOT HERE FROM ENGLAND A FEW DAYS AGO.
I SAID, "QUIET!" I'LL FILL YOU IN AFTER WE'VE SPOKEN TO HIM.
AND WE NEED TO HEAR THIS GUY OUT.. SO PLEASE LET HIM FINISH HIS STORY--
--INSTEAD OF SPLITTING HIM EAR-TO-EAR LIKE YOU DID FROST'S HENCHMAN!
NOW, C'MON...
QUIET: IT IS THICK IN THIS SMALL, SUFFOCATING CHURCHROOM. QUIET: YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR ITS HEAVY, STEADY RHYTHM. THEN--
TONIGHT, MY FRIENDS, WE MARK THE BEGIN-NING OF A NEW PHASE IN YOUR DARK-LORD'S EXISTENCE.
TONIGHT WE MARK THE CREATION OF A NEW RELISIOUS ORDER!
YOU CALLED SATAN TO YOUR HEARTS, AND I CAME...
...TO LEAD YOU FROM BEING MERE EXILES HERE IN YOUR WORLD OF THE LIVING--
--TO BEING ITS MASTERS!
THERE NEED BE A CON-TINUANCE OF MY RULE, AND SO I SHALL GIVE YOU MY OWN SUCCESSOR.
WITH MY NEW WIFE, DOMINI, WE SHALL BRING INTO THIS WORLD A SON... A SON TO DO BATTLE WITH THAT OTHER GOD'S SON.
AND OUR CHILD, TOO, WILL BE BORN TO THIS WORLD ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF THE TWELTH MONTH.

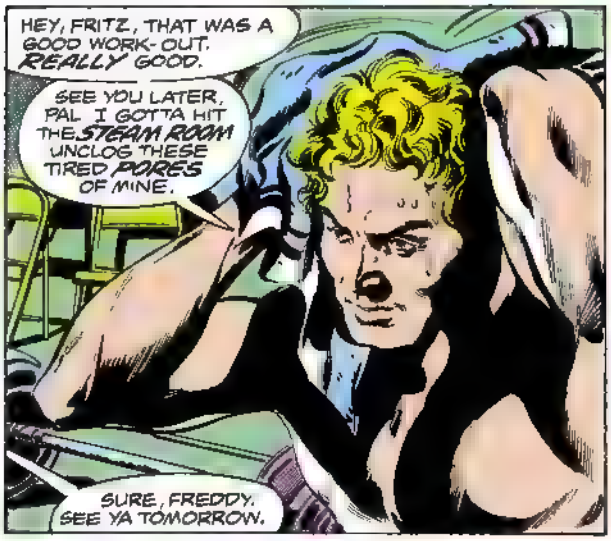

AND YOU, MY LOVELY MISTRESS, ARE YOU READY TO GIVE BIRTH TO MY CHILD?
ARE YOU READY TO SHARE THE GIFT OF LIFE?
PLEASE SPEAK TO ALL OF US, MY WIFE. LET MY MINIONS HEAR YOUR VOICE BLOOM FORTH LIKE A BUTTERFLY RISING FROM THE CATERPILLER.
MY HUSBAND, I AM YOURS... I AM A CHILD OF THE DEVIL...
...AND I WILL BE PROUD AND HUMBLE TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE DEVIL'S CHILD.
HER EYES ARE SO VERY WARM, AND THEY CRY FOR A LOVE THAT SHE SO VERY DES-PERATELY NEEDS...
...A LOVE THAT SHE WILL FIND... BECAUSE IT WILL BE RETURNED.
HER NEW HUSBAND CAN BE VERY CRUEL, BUT HE CAN FEEL WARMTH ...AND GIVE WARMTH.
AND A HEART WHICH NEED NOT BEAT TO GIVE LIFE TO ONE UNDEAD, CAN STILL BEAT FOR OTHER, MORE JOYFUL REASONS.
I AM PLEASED, MY WIFE, MARI--DOMINI!
MORE SO THAN I HAVE BEEN--FOR MANY CENTURIES.
COME, LOVELY ONE. WE GO AWAY--OFF ON OUR OWN--
--TO A HONEYMOON IN HELL!
WHILE YOU, MY MINIONS, HAVE FAITH IN YOUR DARK LORD. I SHALL RETURN--
--TO PLOT OUR COURSE THROUGH THE SEAS OF THIS SO-CALLED CIVILIZED WORLD!
FAREWELL!


THE BAT GLIDES EVER SO CAREFULLY...
...NOT TO UPSET ITS DELICATE CARGO.
WHILE BELOW, DRAPED IN BLACK SHADOW, A FACELESS MAN STARES SKYWARD.
HE NOTES THE SCENE WITHOUT BENEFIT OF EYES--AND WITHOUT MOUTH OR LIPS, SOMEHOW HE... SMILES.
BUT ENOUGH WITH SUCH DISTRACTION. HE CROUCHES CLOSE TO THE DARKENED BUILDING, HIDING IN THE EVERPRESENT SHADOW.
HE HAS VENGEANCE AS HIS GOAL, WE HAVE SAID. AND PART OF THAT GOAL CAN BE FULFILLED HERE.
MANY YEARS AGO HE ATTENDED ONE OF JACK'S PARTIES. CHAMPAGNE FLOWED LIKE NIAGARA; HORS D'OEUVRES VANISHED LIKE THE WILL O' THE WISP.
IT WAS AN EVENING TO REMEMBER...
...TONIGHT IS A NIGHT NEVER TO FORGET--
YOU SAY SOMETHING, HONEY? I CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH THE SHOWER RUNNING.
--THOUGH JACK WILL TRY. WE ASSURE YOU, HE WILL TRY.
THE IDEA OF ACID DISPOSAL WAS JACK'S IDEA, WASN'T IT?
WHAT A COLD WAY TO DIE. BUT THEN, JACK WAS ALWAYS A COLD AND CALLOUS MAN.
NAH, MARCIA. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, YOU MUST'VE HEARD SOMETHING FROM OUTSIDE.
HE TAKES A DRINK; NOT TO FORGET THE MURDER HE HAD JUST PLAYED A PART IN, THOUGH. FOR OTHER REASONS.
HE WON'T FINISH THAT DRINK, HOWEVER.
CRASH
WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES?
SEE FOR YOURSELF IF WE'RE RIGHT. (THAT'S A PUN, JACK. OH, HE'LL SOON UNDERSTAND.)

AT "CHEMRON" JACK WAS SO COLD (AS WE STATED). "GOODBYE, WINDOM. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU... SUCKER," HE HAD SAID
JACK SHOULDN'T HAVE LAUGHED WHEN HE SAID THAT.
W-WHO ARE YOU? STAND BACK!
IT REALLY MADE THE FACELESS MAN MAD AS HELL.
AND HELL IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.
OH LORD...NO! IT'S YOU! YOU'RE AFTER ME
BUT I'M NOT LETTING YOU GET ME.
I'M NOT--
NO!!
JACK REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE LAUGHED.
AH WELL, GUESS HE DESERVES WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.
WHAT'S THAT OLD LINE, AGAIN?
THAT'S IT-- "EYE FOR AN EYE!"
NNNOOO
WHAT A SHAME HE UNDERSTANDS THE PUN TOO LATE.
JACK! DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
JACK -?
WHAT ARE YOU LYING DOWN THERE FOR...
..JACK...?
:CHOKE:

MY, WHAT A BIG EYE YOU HAVE
THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, MY DEAR!
NOW FOR ANDERSON... THAT BLOODY SYCOPHANT!
"WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS!" "YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!" "MURDER? FINE WITH ME, BOSS!" "YOU'RE THE BOSS, BOSS!"
YES, IT WILL BE ANDERSON HE'LL DO JUST FINE AS THE SECOND VICTIM
VENGEANCE WILL HAVE ITS REWARD.
ELSEWHERE...
DOMINI
FOR ONCE IN SO MANY CENTURIES, I AM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS
WHAT IS IT ABOUT YOU WHICH SO AFFECTS ME?
MY LOVE FOR YOU, DARK-LORD? I BOW TO YOU, MY HUSBAND.. AND NO OTHER FOR THOUGH MY NAME MEANS "BELONGING TO GOD," I AM YOUR SERVANT, AND YOUR WIFE
AND I AM YOUR HUSBAND.
BUT THAT IS NOT REASON ENOUGH, MY DEAR ONE.
MY FIRST WIFE, MOTHER OF MY CURSED DAUGHTER, LILITH, MEANT NOTHING TO ME...
. WHILE I FEEL ABOUT YOU AS I DID MY BELOVED MARIA, MOTHER OF MY ONE SON.
BEING WIFE OF DRACULA DOES NOT MEAN SHARING HIS HEART, DOMINI
YET, YOU DO POSSESS A VITAL PART OF ME AS FOR WHY, EVEN I, LORD OF VAMPIRES, CANNOT KNOW.
SO, I MUST GO-- FLY-- REFRESH MYSELF IN THE COLD NIGHT WINDS AND THINK.
MY LOVE, UNTIL I RETURN... TAKE CARE... AND TAKE HEART!

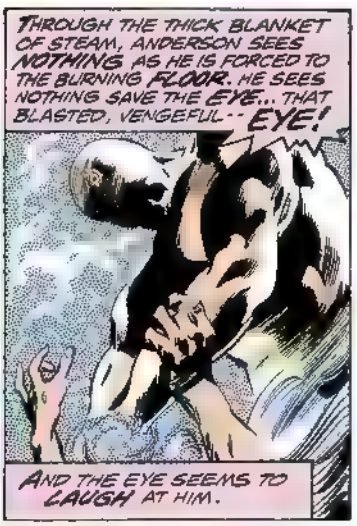

I NEED A VICTIM... TO SLAKE MY THIRST.
PERHAPS THEN, WITH MY POWER AT ITS PEAK, WITH MY MIND CLEAR, I CAN UNDERSTAND THE SPELL MY WIFE HAS CAST UPON MY HEART.
YES, BLOOD--
--AND THE HUNT.
THEY ARE WHAT I NOW NEED!
THAT WOMAN THERE... SHE WILL PROVIDE BOTH THE SPORT AND THE PRIZE
SEE YOU TOMORROW, JEAN.
RIGHT AFTER WORK, BARBARA TAKE CARE
FOR VERY LONG I HAVE FOUND THE TAKING OF BLOOD TOO EASY A TASK.
THERE HAS BEEN NO SPORT TO IT... NO THRILL, NO DANGER, AND DRACULA, EVER A SOLDIER AT WAR... NEEDS CONFLICT, AS WELL AS BLOOD, TO SURVIVE
THE FEMALE WILL LEAD ME, AND I SHALL FOLLOW HER THROUGH THIS BATTLEFIELD OF BOSTON... RELISHING THE HUNT FOR AS LONG AS IT WILL LAST.
GO, MY DEAR-- ESCAPE ME IF YOU CAN.
DRACULA NEEDS A CHALLENGE, AND YOU SHALL SUPPLY IT!
TAXI
TAX!
DIMLY IN THE DISTANCE, THE FACELESS MAN SEES A MIST-SHROUDED BLACK SHAPE FLIT THROUGH THE SKY. BUT THAT SHAPE IS OF LITTLE INTEREST TO HIM
NOT NOW... NOT WHEN HIS VENGEFUL HAND IS ABOUT TO STRIKE... A SECOND TIME
HEALTH SPA
ANDERSON!


HEY, FRITZ, THAT WAS A GOOD WORK-OUT. REALLY GOOD.
SEE YOU LATER, PAL. I GOTTA HIT THE STEAM ROOM UNCLOG THESE TIRED PORES OF MINE.
SURE, FREDDY. SEE YA TOMORROW.

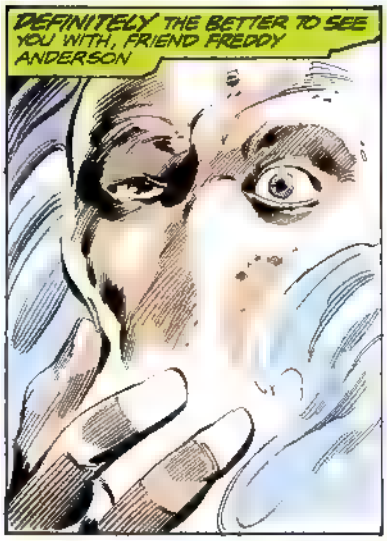
HEY! SOMEBODY IN THERE?
GREAT! I HATE BEING IN THIS HOT HOUSE WITHOUT SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

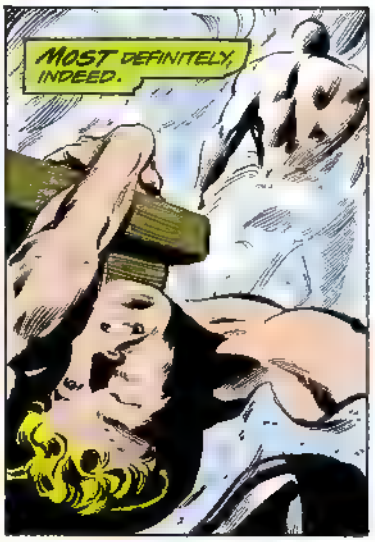
HI THERE, FRIEND. MY NAME'S ANDERSON. FRED ANDERSON.
WHAT'S YOURS, PAL?

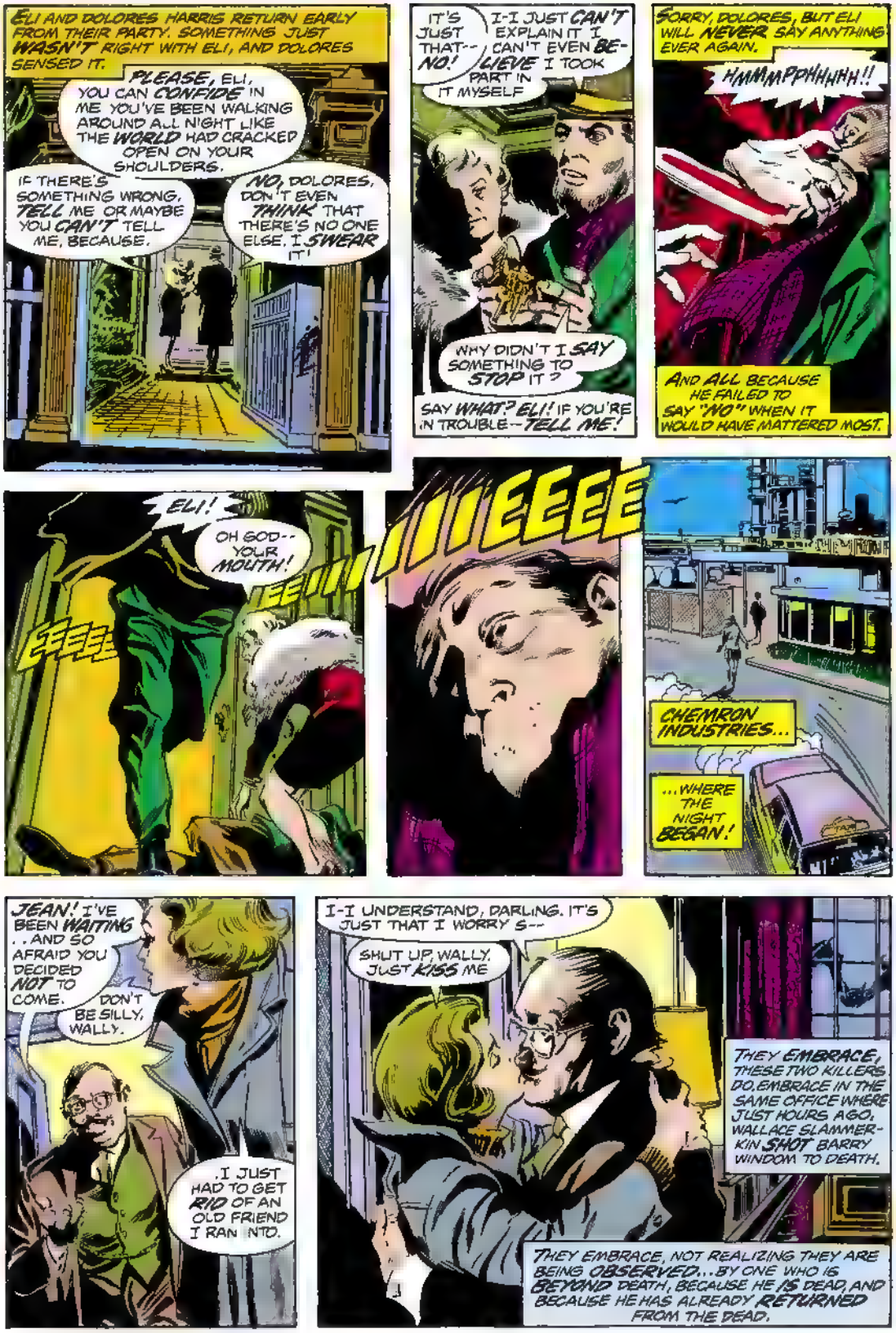
HEY, GUY-- CAN'T YOU HEAR--?
HEY-- WAIT! YOUR FACE... IT'S BLANK! ALL EXCEPT FOR ONE EYE!
IT CAN'T BE... IT CAN'T!


THROUGH THE THICK BLANKET OF STEAM, ANDERSON SEES NOTHING AS HE IS FORCED TO THE BURNING FLOOR. HE SEES NOTHING SAVE THE EYE... THAT BLASTED, VENGEFUL-- EYE!
AND THE EYE SEEMS TO LAUGH AT HIM.

THE FACELESS MAN CLUTCHES ANDERSON'S FACE... TOUCHES WHAT IT CAME HERE TO TOUCH...
...THEN, ITS FINGERS RUBBING GENTLY OVER ITS OWN SMOOTH SKIN, RISES.


DEFINITELY THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, FRIEND FREDDY ANDERSON


MOST DEFINITELY, INDEED.

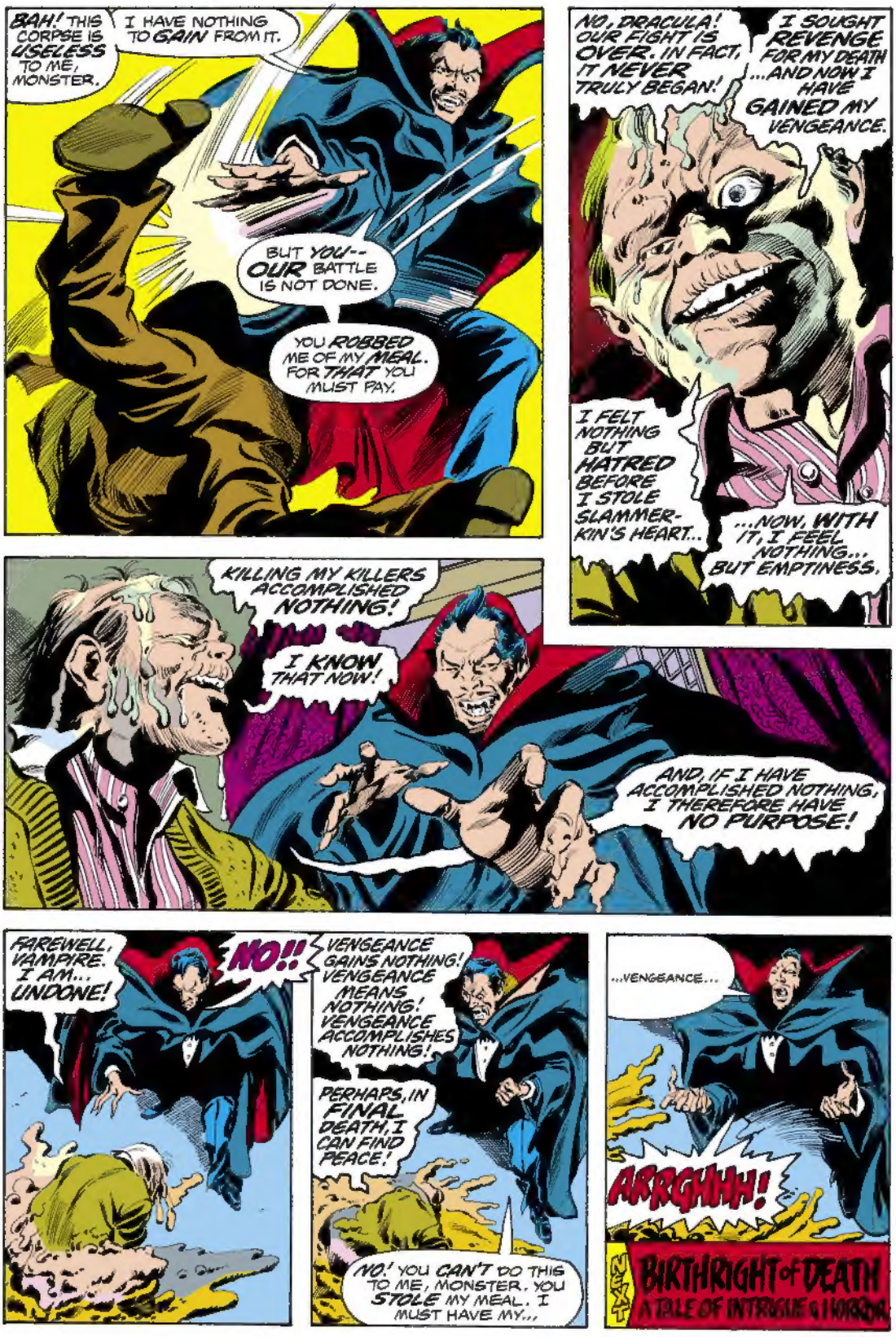

ELI AND DOLORES HARRIS RETURN EARLY FROM THEIR PARTY. SOMETHING JUST WASN'T RIGHT WITH ELI, AND DOLORES SENSED IT.
PLEASE, ELI, YOU CAN CONFIDE IN ME. YOU'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND ALL NIGHT LIKE THE WORLD HAD CRACKED OPEN ON YOUR SHOULDERS.
IF THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG, TELL ME OR MAYBE YOU CAN'T TELL ME, BECAUSE.
NO, DOLORES, DON'T EVEN THINK THAT THERE'S NO ONE ELSE. I SWEAR IT!
IT'S JUST THAT-- NO!
I-I JUST CAN'T EXPLAIN IT. I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE I TOOK PART IN IT MYSELF
WHY DIDN'T I SAY SOMETHING TO STOP IT?
SAY WHAT? ELI! IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE--TELL ME!
SORRY, DOLORES, BUT ELI WILL NEVER SAY ANYTHING EVER AGAIN.
HMMMPPHHHHH!!
AND ALL BECAUSE HE FAILED TO SAY "NO" WHEN IT WOULD HAVE MATTERED MOST.
ELI!
OH GOD-- YOUR MOUTH!
EEEE
EEEE
CHEMRON INDUSTRIES...
...WHERE THE NIGHT BEGAN!
JEAN! I'VE BEEN WAITING . . AND SO AFRAID YOU DECIDED NOT TO COME.
DON'T BE SILLY, WALLY.
. I JUST HAD TO GET RID OF AN OLD FRIEND I RAN INTO.
I-I UNDERSTAND, DARLING. IT'S JUST THAT I WORRY S--
SHUT UP, WALLY. JUST KISS ME
THEY EMBRACE, THESE TWO KILLERS DO. EMBRACE IN THE SAME OFFICE WHERE JUST HOURS AGO, WALLACE SLAMMERKIN SHOT BARRY WINDOM TO DEATH.
THEY EMBRACE, NOT REALIZING THEY ARE BEING OBSERVED...BY ONE WHO IS BEYOND DEATH, BECAUSE HE IS DEAD, AND BECAUSE HE HAS ALREADY RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.

W-WALLY... I--UH...
WOMAN! OPEN THE WINDOW!
DRACULA NOW POSSESSES YOUR MIND, WOMAN. DRACULA ORDERS YOU TO OPEN THE WINDOW...
...TO INVITE HIM INSIDE.
MOVE, WOMAN! OPEN IT NOW!
...I...MUST... OPEN... THE... WINDOW.
...I... CAN'T... HELP... MYSELF...
...DRACULA... COME... ENTER...
JEAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FOLLOWING ORDERS, FOOL.
OR, DO YOU DISAGREE WITH THOSE COMMANDS?
HUNH? I-I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISTER. BUT, KEEP AWAY FROM ME.
I'VE ALREADY KILLED ONE MAN TODAY. DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU!
YOU'VE ACTUALLY KILLED A MAN, DOLT? HOW... DROLL. I MUST SEE HOW YOU DID THAT.
TRY SLAYING ME, HUMAN. TRY KILLING DRACULA, LORD OF VAMPIRES!
BAM BAM
YOU ASKED FOR THIS, MISTER!
HUH?!? WHY DON'T YOU DIE? I KILLED YOU!
MORTAL SCUM! MERE BULLETS WILL NEVER HAR--!:
CRASH
HOLD! THAT CRASH!
SATAN'S BLOOD! WHAT IS THIS MADNESS? WHO ARE YOU, CREATURE? WHO?!?
THESE FOOLS ARE MINE, VAMPIRE! MINE TO SLAY!
FOR MY VENGEANCE TO BE COMPLETE, I MUST DESTROY THESE FOOLS AS THEY DESTROYED ME!

OBSERVE, VAMPIRE! WHAT THEY STOLE FROM ME... I STEAL BACK!
THEY ROBBED ME OF MY PERSON... OF MY INDIVIDUALITY... OF WHAT I AM--
--I TAKE IT BACK FROM THEM--I TAKE IT ALL BACK!
BUT I AM NOT YET DONE... I STILL HAVE THIS ONE LAST MURDERER TO SLAY... ONE FURTHER BODY TO STEAL FROM ...BEFORE I CAN CRAWL BACK INTO THE GRAVE.
AND MY VENGEANCE MUST BE COMPLETE!
NO, CREATURE --YOU'LL NOT SLAY THIS ONE AS YOU DID THE WOMAN.
DRACULA NEEDS HIM ALIVE... FOR HIS BLOOD!
THEN DRACULA MUST DIE AS ALL MY MURDERERS DIE!
THEN DRACULA MUST PERISH!
THEY KILLED ME... AND THEY DESERVE THEIR FATE!
AND, IF YOU WISH TO JOIN THEM...

...SO BE IT!
NO! I'LL NOT BE DEBASED BY ANY MINDLESS MONSTER!
I'LL NOT LIE HUMBLED BY SOME CRAWLING, SLITHERING, MOCKERY OF MAN.
THAT CREATURE WILL DIE AGAIN.., AND THIS TIME DRACULA SHALL BE ITS KILLER!
AA
AAA
AAAGGGHH

YOU ARE TOO LATE, DRACULA! I HAVE COMPLETED MY TASK!
SLAMMERKIN REFUSED TO HEAR MY PLEA FOR JUSTICE... NOW HE CAN HEAR NO MORE!
SLAMMERKIN PROVED HE HAD NO HEART WHEN HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER TO KILL ME...
...NOW HE HAS NO HEART AT ALL!
IF YOU STILL WANT HIM, DRACULA-- HERE! TAKE HIM!


BAH! THIS CORPSE IS USELESS TO ME, MONSTER.
I HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN FROM IT.
BUT YOU-- OUR BATTLE IS NOT DONE.
YOU ROBBED ME OF MY MEAL. FOR THAT YOU MUST PAY.
NO, DRACULA! OUR FIGHT IS OVER. IN FACT, IT NEVER TRULY BEGAN!
I SOUGHT REVENGE FOR MY DEATH ...AND NOW I HAVE GAINED MY VENGEANCE.
I FELT NOTHING BUT HATRED BEFORE I STOLE SLAMMER-KIN'S HEART...
...NOW, WITH IT, I FEEL NOTHING... BUT EMPTINESS.
KILLING MY KILLERS ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING!
I KNOW THAT NOW!
AND, IF I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING, I THEREFORE HAVE NO PURPOSE!
FAREWELL, VAMPIRE. I AM... UNDONE!
NO!!
VENGEANCE GAINS NOTHING! VENGEANCE MEANS NOTHING! VENGEANCE ACCOMPLISHES NOTHING!
PERHAPS, IN FINAL DEATH, I CAN FIND PEACE!
NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, MONSTER. YOU STOLE MY MEAL. I MUST HAVE MY...
...VENGEANCE...
ARRGHHH!
TASTE OF BIRTHRIGHT of DEATH
A TALE OF INTRIGUE & HORROR